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Circuit Court is held on the  
fourth Monday of each October.  
County Court convenes on the  
first Monday of March, June, September  
and December.  
Probate Court is held on the first  
Monday in February, May, August and No-  
vember.

OFFICERS:  
A. W. HOLLOMAN, Presiding Judge County  
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JOS. G. CLARKSON, County Judge, South  
ern District.  
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trict.  
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WM. H. WHITWORTH, Treasurer.  
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W. N. GREGORY, Coroner.  
J. T. AKE, Public Administrator.  
A. W. HOLLOMAN, Surveyor.  
J. B. SCOTT, County Commissioner.

CHURCHES:

M. E. CHURCH, Cor. Reynolds and  
Mountain Streets, O. W. ROSE, Pastor. Resi-  
dence: Ironton. Services every Sabbath at  
11 A. M. and 7:30 P. M. Sunday School 9:30  
A. M. Prayer Meeting, Thursday evening.  
Class Meeting Sunday afternoon at 3 o'clock.  
At Graniteville, 2d and 4th Sundays at 7:30  
P. M. Ladies' Prayer—Meeting Thursday,  
3 P. M.  
PRESBYTERIAN CHURCH, Cor. Rey-  
nolds and Knob Streets, Ironton. D. A. Wil-  
son, Pastor. Services every Sabbath at 11 A.  
M. and 7 P. M., except the 5th Sabbath A. M.  
and 1st and 3d Sabbaths P. M., which are  
given to Graniteville. Morning and Wed-  
nesday at 7:30 P. M. Sabbath School at 9:30  
A. M.  
ST. PAUL'S EPISCOPAL CHURCH,  
Cor. Reynolds and Knob Streets, Ironton.  
CHAS. G. DAVIS, Rector. Services second and  
fourth Sundays each month, at 11 A. M. and  
7:30 P. M. Sunday School 9:30 A. M. First  
Sunday, services at De Soto; Third Sun-  
day, services at Crystal City.  
M. E. CHURCH, SOUTH, Third Hill,  
between Ironton and Arcadia. Rev. L.  
PULLMAN, Pastor. Preaching on the 1st, 2d  
and 3d Sabbaths in each month in the morn-  
ing; also, in the evening, on the 1st and 3d  
Sabbaths. Preaching at Pilot Knob on the  
second Sabbath in the evening. Preaching  
at Bismarck on the 4th Sabbath in each  
month, morning and evening; also, Saturday  
evening preceding. Prayer meetings at us-  
ual times.  
CATHOLIC CHURCH, Arcadia College  
and Pilot Knob. A. G. HAPPE, Pastor, P. L.  
High Mass and Sermon at Arcadia College  
every Sunday at 8 o'clock. A. M. Vespers and  
Benediction of the Blessed Sacrament at 5  
o'clock P. M. Mass and Sermon at Pilot  
Knob Catholic Church at 7:30 A. M. Sun-  
day School for children at 1:30 o'clock P. M.

BAPTIST CHURCH, Madison street,  
near Knob street.  
LUTHERAN CHURCH, Pilot Knob.  
Rev. ROBERT MUCKEL, Pastor.  
A. M. E. CHURCH, Corner Shepherd  
and Washington streets, Ironton. A. AN-  
ASTHY, pastor.

SOCIETIES:

IRON LODGE, No. 107, I. O. O. F.,  
meets every Monday at its hall, corner Main  
and Madison streets. HERMAN DAVIS, N. G.  
J. T. BALDWIN, Secretary.  
IRONTON ENCAMPMENT, No. 29, I.  
O. O. F., meets on the first and third Thurs-  
day evenings of every month in Odd-Fel-  
lows' Hall, corner Main and Madison streets.  
AUG. RIEKE, C. P. FRANZ DINGER, Sec'y.  
STAR OF THE WEST LODGE, No. 133,  
A. F. & A. M., meets in Masonic Hall, corner  
Main and Madison streets, on Saturday or  
preceding full moon. W. R. EDGAR, W. M.  
C. R. PECK, Secretary.  
MIDIAN CHAPTER, No. 71, R. A.,  
meets at the Masonic Hall on the first and  
third Tuesdays of each month, at 7 P. M. B.  
SHEPHERD, M. E. H. P. FRANZ DINGER,  
Secretary.  
VALLEY LODGE, No. 1870,  
KNIGHTS OF HONOR, meets in  
Odd-Fellows' Hall every alternate  
Wednesday evenings. M. RINGO,  
D. J. A. MARKHAM, Reporter.  
EASTERN STAR LODGE, No. 62, A.  
F. & A. M. (good), meets on the second  
Saturday of each month.

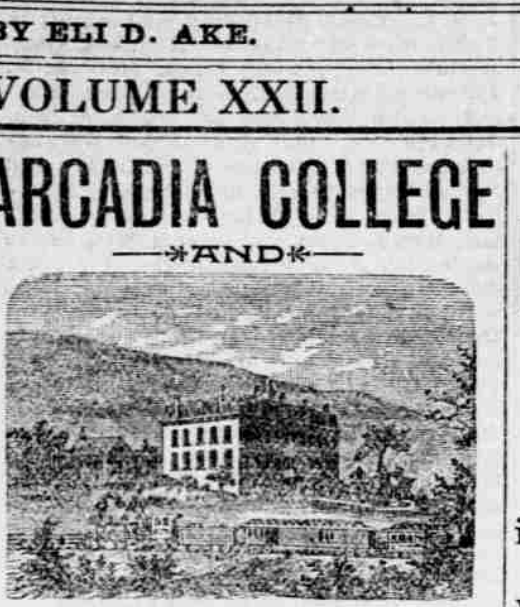
PILOT KNOB.  
PILOT KNOB LODGE, No. 253, A. O. U. W.,  
meets every 2d and 4th Wednesday  
evenings, 7:30 P. M., upstairs in Union  
Church.  
PILOT KNOB LODGE, No. 153, I. O. O. F.,  
meets every Tuesday evening at their  
hall. CHAS. G. DAVIS, Secretary.  
PILOT KNOB MINERS' BENEVOLENT  
ASSOCIATION. WM. SEARLE, President.  
THRO. TONSON, Secretary.  
IRON LODGE, No. 30, SONS OF HER-  
MAN, meets on the second and last Sunday  
of each month. WM. STEFFENS, President.  
VAL EPPING, Secretary.

IRON MOUNTAIN.  
IRON MOUNTAIN LODGE, No. 430,  
A. F. & A. M., meets Saturday night on or  
after the full moon. J. S. WEBB, W. M.  
M. SMITH, Secretary.  
IRON MOUNTAIN LODGE, No. 260, I.  
O. F., meets Wednesday night of each week.  
IRON MOUNTAIN LODGE, No. 260,  
A. O. U. W., meets on the first and third  
Friday of each month.  
BELLEVUE.  
MOSAIC LODGE, No. 351, A. F. & A. M.,  
meets on Saturday night of or preceding  
full moon. A. J. HARRALL, W. M.  
PHOEBE LODGE, No. 330, I. O. O. F.,  
meets every Saturday in Masonic Hall.  
FARMERS ALLIANCE MEETINGS.  
Annapolis Lodge, No. 154, meets Satur-  
day, April 28th, 1888, and after that, every  
second Saturday, at 7:30 P. M.  
J. M. BROWSE, Sec'y, Annapolis.  
Arcadia Valley Alliance, No. 104, meets on  
Saturday evenings before the 1st and 3d Sun-  
days of every month, at 7:30 P. M.  
JOHN LUTZ, Sec'y, Ironton, Mo.

EAGLE ALLIANCE, No. 152, meets on the  
1st and 3d Saturdays of each month. All  
neighbors are invited.  
FRANCIS ALLIANCE meets at Hogan on  
the 2d and 4th Tuesday of each month at 8  
o'clock P. M. B. S. GREGORY, Sec'y.  
MARBLE CREEK ALLIANCE, No. 102, meets  
every month on Saturday evenings before  
the second Sunday at Logtown, and Satur-  
day evening before the fourth day of the  
Red Schoolhouse on Marble Creek.  
W. T. SUTTON, Sec'y, Ironton, Mo.

ELM GROVE ALLIANCE, No. 119, meets  
every other Saturday evening, at the Elm  
Grove schoolhouse, Bellevue, at 7 o'clock P.  
M. J. W. LASHLEY, President.  
CEDAR GROVE ALLIANCE, No. 120, meets  
at the Cedar Grove schoolhouse in Bellevue,  
the second and fourth Saturday at 7 o'clock  
P. M. W. M. RUDOLPH, President.  
J. G. HARTMAN, Secretary.  
GRANITEVILLE ALLIANCE, No. 303, meets  
at the Town Hall of Graniteville on the 2d  
and 4th Saturdays of each month at 7:30 P.  
M. A. R. MANLY, Sec'y.

ARCADIA COLLEGE  
—AND—  
ACADEMY  
—OF THE—  
Ursuline Sisters



ACADEMY  
—OF THE—  
Ursuline Sisters

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institution is designed to develop the moral,  
intellectual and physical powers of the pu-  
pils; to make them refined, accomplished  
and useful members of society.  
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Months, are \$90.00—payable in advance.  
Terms for instruction in Music, Foreign  
Language, Drawing and Painting can be  
had by applying as below.  
Attached to the convent, and totally sepa-  
rated from the boarding school, is a

SELECT DAY SCHOOL

in which the usual branches of sound and  
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dents, and \$5 Music pupils, enrolled last year.  
Total expense of board, washing and tu-  
ition, only \$162.00 per year.  
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IRONTON, MO.,

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Building thoroughly repaired, Renovated  
and Furnished. Located  
NEAR RAILROAD EPOT.

Now open to the traveling public. Large  
Sample Room. Special Accommodations,  
and a Home for Commercial Men. Patron-  
age Solicited.

Boatmen's  
SAVING BANK

ST. LOUIS.  
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Ironton, Mo.,  
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with opening or proscenium 16x32. Two  
dressing-rooms, one on either side of stage,  
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Fitted with all ordinary appliances. Hall  
seated with chairs, and gallery with benches.  
Seating capacity about 500.

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Arcadia, with a population of 3,000, are  
within a radius of one mile—Ironton in the  
centre.

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Pays prompt attention to collections, tak-  
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in Southeast Missouri; to settlement of es-  
tate and partnership accounts, business at  
the Land Office, purchase and sale of mineral  
lands, and all law business entrusted to his  
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veyancing a specialty.

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Will practice in the Courts of the State, and  
give attention to Legal business in any of  
the States and Territories. Will attend to busi-  
ness in the Government Departments at Wash-  
ington, D. C. CORRESPONDENCE SOLICITED.

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LIVERY AND FEED STABLE  
IRONTON, MO.  
OFFICE TO PICNICERS AND EXCURSIONIST.  
Hacks, Spring Wagons, Single and  
Double Buggies; Three-Seated Car-  
riages and two-Seated Carriages, with com-  
petent drivers; also, the best of Saddle  
Horses for Ladies and Gentlemen can be had  
at REASONABLE RATES.

IRONTON, MO.

Real Estate Agent,  
ND Agent for the Mutual Life and Home Fire  
Insurance Companies of New York, and the  
Fire Insurance Company of Hartford, Conn.  
IRONTON. : : : MISSOURI.

Iron County Register

BY ELI D. AKE. OUR GOD, OUR COUNTRY, AND TRUTH.  
VOLUME XXII. IRONTON, MO., THURSDAY, AUGUST 23, 1888.  
TERMS—\$1.50 a Year, in Advance.

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Hunt's Home-Grown Melons

SELL IN PREFERENCE TO THE SHIPPED MELONS.

1st. They are picked from the vines every day.  
2d. They never make one think of chills while look-  
ing at them.  
3d. They do not lie on dirty floor for the boys to play  
with with their feet.  
4th. Why do the doctors look so coldly at Hunt as he  
passes by? Because he is reducing the number of their  
patients.  
5th. Why are the mothers so friendly to Hunt? Be-  
cause their children sleep so sweetly after eating his melons.

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& SONS, Ironton; P. H. JAQUITH, Pilot Knob; COMPANY  
STORE, Graniteville, Mo.

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IN THE RUTSCHMAN BUILDING.

A Complete Line of

FANCY AND STAPLE GROCERIES!

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A lot Fresh Roasted Coffees, Green Coffees, Sugars, Cann-  
ed Goods, Spices, &c. Also, a full Assortment of

Glassware, Queensware, China and Crockery,

TABLE CUTLERY, &c.

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F. J. B. BEARD, Ass't Manager.

The Corner Store,

PILOT KNOB, MO.

STILL STANDS AT ITS OLD PLACE!

Everything expected to be found in a Well-Selected A  
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SUITABLE TO THE SEASON,  
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A SPECIALTY.

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Trains for Chicago, Cincinnati, Louisville, Indianapolis, Cleveland, Detroit, Buffalo,  
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TOMATO AND  
CABBAGE PLANTS.

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experience, yet some men know as much in  
one year as others do in ten. We guarantee  
that our plants are second to none in the  
market. We invite inspection and challenge  
comparison. Satisfaction guaranteed in ex-  
treme instance. All parties wishing a No. 1  
article, at bottom prices, will find it to their  
advantage to order from  
J. A. MARKHAM, Ironton, Mo.

After laying over in Ouray two days  
viewing the scenery, I concluded to go  
up in the mountains, so we parted com-  
pany with two of the boys, T. C. and  
J. B. They concluded to lay over  
awhile and let work come to them; but  
as I told them, if they never looked for  
it they would never get it. So on Friday,  
June 9th, at 2 P. M., we started to climb  
to the divide, over 7,000 feet higher  
than we were, which would make us  
about 14,000 feet above the sea level.

We got started and did very well for  
the first half mile—it seemed the farth-  
er we went the steeper it got. About  
every 300 yards we would have to stop  
and rest. We met a man on the road  
and ask him how far it was over to the  
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ourselves on the time we were making  
and it put us in better spirits to go on.

We had not gone far, however, until  
we came to a full stop. We were walk-  
ing along side of the mountain on a  
trail, where the water was running  
about 600 feet below. But what stop-  
ped us so sudden was the two moun-  
tains came close together, or rather  
one mountain took a terrible bend in  
and its walls were perpendicular, with

A Trip West.

Arriving at Montrose, whence you  
journey southward by a branch line of  
the Denver & Rio Grande Railroad, if  
you look westward from the town, your  
vision will range across the beautiful  
valley of the Uncompaghe River, stud-  
ded with green fields and thriving  
farms, and beyond, over the pinon and  
cedar-clad mesas, which stretch far  
away to the horizon, and whose luxur-  
iant grasses nourish, and pine forests  
and deep ravines shelter, thousands of  
well-fed sheep and cattle. Then turn-  
ing toward the south you will behold,  
some thirty-five miles away, the lofty  
peaks of the Sierra San Juan, the high-  
est of which, Mounts Abram and Snaf-  
les; and Uncompaghe, and Stray  
Horse and Potosi peaks, rear their  
hoary crests some 14,000 feet and more  
above the level of the ocean; and at  
their feet, and in the shadow of their  
giant forms, lies the little town we are  
journeying toward—Ouray.

And as you steam along the valley,  
when about five miles distant from  
Montrose, you pass the home where  
lived and died Ouray, the great chief  
of the Uncompaghe Ute Indians, whose  
tepees as late as '81 were pitched along  
the river. Two miles further where  
you see floating the stars and stripes,  
is the Cartoument, where are quar-  
tered some 400 U. S. troops, and onward  
over the great Uncompaghe irrigating  
ditch, or artificial river, which has re-  
claimed thousands upon thousands of  
acres of hitherto unproductive soil, past  
the adobe ruins of the old Indian agenc-  
cy, and then passing through a canon,  
you glide along between sandstone  
cliffs, through flourishing ranches, then  
winding among sage brush and cactus  
covered slopes, and pinon and cedar-  
clad foothills, until within ten miles of  
your destination, where you emerge in-  
to the lovely valley known as the Un-  
compaghe Park.

And now as we approach the head-  
waters of the river the scene changes—  
pinon and cedar give place to aspen,  
sage and cactus and bare rock, to grass-  
es, fruits and flowers. The streams get  
clear as crystal as they plunge madly  
over the rocks, and you enter what used  
to be to the Indians a land flowing  
with milk and honey.

Here were his streams of pure cold  
water, beautiful aspen groves, the best  
of grass in the greatest abundance, and  
a profusion of wild fruits and berries,  
while the whole country is a perfect  
flower garden. In this park, about  
nine miles from Ouray, are some very  
large hot springs, the temperature of  
which nearly reaches boiling point, and  
are impregnated with iron, salt and  
lime, and the alkalies.

The park is bordered on the west by  
a straight line of cliffs of sandstone  
capped with volcanic rock, gradually  
increasing in height towards the south,  
and on the east by slopes more or less  
steep, from the Uncompaghe peak  
group and its spurs.

Within two miles of Ouray this park  
narrows into a magnificent gorge  
bounded on each side by sandstones of  
the carboniferous age, and sloping back-  
ward from the edge, dense forests of  
pine and quaking aspen timber, the  
whole crowned by jagged peaks and  
truncated masses of trachyte, the sum-  
mits of which are ten to fifteen thou-  
sand feet above tide water. From this  
gorge you emerge into the beautiful  
amphitheatre in which stands the now  
justly celebrated little town of Ouray,  
and no matter at what season you visit  
her, whether the whistle of the hum-  
ing bird's wing be heard, as he darts  
through the flower scented air of sum-  
mer, or whether the snow banners are  
blowing from her peaks, Ouray and  
her scenery is ever grand, ever indel-  
erably beautiful.

The town numbers about 2,000 in-  
habitants, and lies in an amphitheatre,  
the mountains entirely surrounding it,  
(with the exception of the narrow gorge  
by which you enter) to heights of from  
three to six thousand feet above it, and  
being thus walled in, it is sheltered  
from the storms, and as a winter resi-  
dence at such an altitude, (7,300 feet  
above sea level), its equal is not to be  
found in Colorado.

After laying over in Ouray two days  
viewing the scenery, I concluded to go  
up in the mountains, so we parted com-  
pany with two of the boys, T. C. and  
J. B. They concluded to lay over  
awhile and let work come to them; but  
as I told them, if they never looked for  
it they would never get it. So on Friday,  
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than we were, which would make us  
about 14,000 feet above the sea level.

We got started and did very well for  
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every 300 yards we would have to stop  
and rest. We met a man on the road  
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basin. He told us it was only about  
six miles. We were congratulating  
ourselves on the time we were making  
and it put us in better spirits to go on.

We had not gone far, however, until  
we came to a full stop. We were walk-  
ing along side of the mountain on a  
trail, where the water was running  
about 600 feet below. But what stop-  
ped us so sudden was the two moun-  
tains came close together, or rather  
one mountain took a terrible bend in  
and its walls were perpendicular, with

A Little bridge from point to point.

Kind of a tricky looking place, but we  
were bent on going on, and go on it  
was, so the only remedy I could see  
was to get down on our hands and  
knees and crawl. Well, finally we got  
over all safe and started again, with  
Mt. Sneffles ahead. As we took that  
to be the divide, we concluded we would  
be there before dark. After awhile we  
met a man with his pick on his shoulder  
going down the mountain and got  
into a long conversation and on finding  
out the truth we were only four miles  
from Ouray and ten miles from the  
basin. Well you never saw such a  
sick lot of boys as we were. Just then  
he informed us that we would get to a  
little place called Portia about dark, so  
we bid him good-bye and arrived there  
as he stated, only eight miles on the  
road. We enquired if we could get  
something to eat and a place to sleep,  
but alas, no such bed. The only accom-  
modation we could get was, "You can  
sleep on the hay in the stable." So as  
we had to sleep somewhere we thought  
one place was as good as another, so  
we spread our blankets on the hay and  
turned in, and I cannot say that I ever  
had a better night's rest, as I woke up  
the next morning bright and early  
ready to go on, after a good breakfast.

We got started about 6 A. M., with  
the roads frozen hard and only four  
miles to go. We allowed we could get  
there by 8 A. M., but we had not gone  
over half a mile until we found out that  
we had no idea what Colorado moun-  
tains were, for we were getting up  
above timber line, where there is no  
kind of a tree grows, and the snow was  
from 8 to 10 feet deep. The air was  
commencing to get pretty light and our  
road got to a small trail about one foot  
wide and went zig-zag up the mountain  
like an old rail fence. We started up,  
and after walking for over two hours  
we could take a stone and throw it  
back to the starting point. To make a  
long story short, we arrived at the  
Virginia mine at 12 o'clock; 6 hours  
walking four miles; how's that for  
walking? After dinner we looked at  
the mines and surroundings, and the  
boys looked for a job, but got disap-  
pointed, so they wanted to go over the  
divide, which was only two-thirds of a  
miles away. I concluded to leave my  
valise there and go with them, so we  
struck out for Marshall Basin, and we  
did a strike out. I could not say that  
I did much walking, for the moun-  
tain was so steep that I crawled up—  
just imagine crawling on your hands  
and knees half a mile on the snow on  
the 9th day of June. It took us an  
hour and a half to get to the top, 14,000  
feet above sea level.

Well, after we had rested and were  
ready to go on it was next to a puzzle  
to find the trail, as only a few had gone  
over on foot. To go straight ahead it  
was impossible, as the mountain looked  
like the inside of a scoop and going  
down as slanting as the roof of a house,  
so after looking around a little while  
we saw a trail in the snow around a  
point of a rock. It was a hard job to  
get there, but with digging our heels  
in the snow and a long pole we brought  
with us we commenced to make pretty  
good headway until we got around the  
head of the basin; then we arrived on  
a level piece of ground, about half a  
mile of good walking. As soon as we  
arrived at the brow of the hill Marshall  
basin was under our feet. To get down  
to it was the next thing. We could  
only find one place that looked as if we  
could go down, so away we started.  
We got down about half way, and I  
was ahead, when here come a bundle  
of blankets and a yalvie. In turning  
around to see what had happened I  
came very near losing my balance and  
going too. But what was my surprise  
here comes T. L. sliding in good shape  
—it put me in mind of boys coasting  
and the sled getting from under them.  
So seeing his danger I stuck my stick  
in the snow ahead of him and he  
caught it as he was going by, and by  
doing so I saved him a slide which  
might have cost him his life. Finally  
we arrived at the mine and the boys  
started to look for work, and inside of  
two hours they were told to get ready  
to make a start on Sunday, June 10th,  
at 12 o'clock, at \$3.50 a day; so that  
left your humble servant a Wandering  
Jew.

(To be continued.)

Mr. Halstead and P. Ford.

One of the patient and enthusiastic  
timid-waiters in New York harbor was  
Mort Halstead. He begged a chance  
to swing his oar full in face of the  
Idol Blaine. Only twelve years ago he  
was engaged with Mehl and others in  
exposing to the world the official cor-  
ruption of that daring and unscrup-  
ulous public servant and endeavoring  
to compass his defeat as a candidate  
for the Cincinnati nomination.

But Halstead is not the only person  
who impatiently awaited the arrival  
of Blaine in order to overwhelm him  
with protestations of personal devotion.  
One Patrick Ford is of the number.  
His worship of Blaine is something  
like the savage's deference to a totem.  
He prostrates himself in the presence  
of the great American whose nomina-  
tion he recently demanded as the only  
hope of the republicanism party. Patrick  
Ford, like Murat Halstead, was once  
a bitter opponent of Blaine. Hal-  
stead exposed his prostitution of place  
for private gain. Ford exposed his  
demagoguery in catering for the Irish  
vote. In 1881 Patrick Ford addressed  
an open letter to Blaine, than secret-  
ary of state in the administration of  
Garfield, over whom he had galloped

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complete ascendancy. "You, Mr.  
Blaine," he said, "immediately on  
entering on the office of secretary of  
state trumpeted it forth to